

# THE TRAGEDY OF CHRISTOPHER LOVE AT TOWER HILL

August 22. 1651.

## Prologue.

**N**ew from a slaughtered Monarchs Herse I come,  
A mourner to a Murthr'd Prophet's Tomb:  
Pardon, Great Charles his Ghost, my Muse had stood  
Yet three years longer, till sh' had wept a flood;  
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royall Blood.  
But she must goe, Heaven doe by Thunder call  
For her attendance at Love's Funerall.  
Forgive Great Sir, this Sacrilege in me,  
The death Tear he must have, it is his Fee;  
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stol'n from Thee.

## ARGUMENT.

'Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,  
And with his Scorching face did tyrannize,  
When cruell Cromwell, whelp of that mad Star,  
But sure more fiery than his Syre by far;  
Had dryed the Northern Fife, and with his heat  
Put frozen Scotland in a Bloody sweat:  
When he had Conquered, and his furious Train  
Had chas'd the North-Bear, and pursu'd Charles's waine  
Into the English Orb; then 'twas thy Fate  
(Sweet Love) to be a present for our State.  
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,  
Then a Divine to bleed his welcome home:  
For He, and Herod, think no dish so good,  
As a John Baptists Head serv'd up in blood.

## ACT I.

The Philistins are set in their High Court,  
And Love, like Sampsons, fetch'd to make them sport:  
Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought,  
Not to be Try'd, but baited, most men thought;  
Monsters, like men, must worry him: and thus  
He fights with Beasts, like Paul at Ephesus.  
Adams, Far and Huntington, with all the pack  
Of foyling Hounds were set upon his back.  
Prideaux and Keeble stands and cries A'loe;  
It was a full Cry, and it would not doe.  
Oh how he foyl'd them, Standers-by did swear,  
That he the Judge, and they the Traytors were:  
For there he prov'd, although he seem'd a Lambe,  
Stout, like a Lyon, from whose Den he came!

## ACT II.

It is Decreed; nor shall thy Worth, dear Love,  
Resist their Vows, nor their revenge remove.  
Though prayers were joyn'd to prayers, & tears to tears,  
No softnesse in their Rocky hearts appears;  
Nor Heaven nor Earth abate their tury can,  
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.

Sure some She sectary longed, and in hast  
Must try how Presbyterian Blood did tast.  
'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,  
Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint, its drink Divine.  
No sooner was the dreadfull Sentence read,  
The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head:  
And by that humble posture told them all,  
It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

## ACT III.

And now I with the fatall stroke was given;  
I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,  
And Heaven to have him there; one moments blow  
Makes him tryumphant; but here comes his woe,  
His enemies will grant a months suspence  
If't be but for the nonce to keep him thence:  
And that he may tread in his Saviours wayes,  
He shall be tempted too, his forty dayes:  
And with such baits too, cast thy self but down,  
Fall, and but worship, and your life's your own.  
Thus cry'd his Enemies, and 'twas their pride  
To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.  
One plot they have more, when their other fail,  
If Devils cannot, disciples may prevail.  
Lets tempt him by his friends, make Peter cry  
Good Master spare thy self, and do not die.  
One friend intreats, a second weeps, a third  
Cries your Petition wants the other word:  
I'll write it for you, faith a fourth; your life,  
Your life Sir, cries a fift; pity your wife,  
And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamond's cut,  
By Diamonds onely, and to terrour put.  
Me thinks I hear him still, you wounding heart;  
Good friends forbear, for every word's a dart:  
'Tis cruell pity, this I do profess,  
You'd love me more, if you did love me lesse:  
Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear I know,  
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.  
Thus like a Rock that routs the waves he stands,  
And snaps a sunder, Sampson-like these bands.

## ACT IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,  
And chides the lingring Sun for tarrying so.  
Which blushing seemes to answer from theskie,  
That it was loath to see a Martyr die.  
Me thinks I heard beheaded Saints above  
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for Love.  
Who, when he came to tread the fatall Stage,  
Which prov'd his glory, and his Enemies rage.

His blood ne're run to his Heart, Christs Blood was there  
Reviving it, his own was all to spare:  
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,  
Is this the blood you thirst for? Tak't I pray.  
Spectators in his looks such life did see,  
That they appear'd more like to die than he.  
But oh his speech, me thinks I hear it still;  
It ravish'd Friends, and did his enemies kill:  
His keener words did their sharp Axe exceed,  
That made his head, but he their hearts to bleed:  
Which he concludes with gracious prayer, and so  
The Lamb lay down, and took the butchers blow:  
His Soul makes Heaven shine brighter by a Star,  
And now we're sure there's one Saint Christopher.

## ACT V.

Love lyes a bleeding, and the world shall see  
Heaven Act a part in this black Tragedie.  
The Sun no sooner spide the Head o'th' floore,  
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more:  
The Clouds which scattered, and in colours were,  
Met all together, and in black appear:  
Lightnings, which fill'd the air with Blazing light,  
Did serve for Torches all that dismall night:  
In which, and all next day for many howers,  
Heaven groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in showers.  
Nor doe I wonder that God Thundred so  
When his Bonarges murdered lay below:  
Witnesses trembled, Prideaux, Bradshaw, Keeble,  
And all the guilty Court look'd pale and feeble.  
Timorous Jenkins, and cold-hearted Drake  
Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:  
Your enemies thus Thunder-struck no doubt,  
Will be beholding to you to goe out.  
But if you will Recant, now thundring Heaven  
Such approbation to Loves Cause hath given.  
I'll adde but this; Your Consciences, perhaps,  
Ere long, shall feele far greater Thunder-claps.

## Epilogue.

But stay, my Muse growes fearfull too, and must  
Beg that these Lines be buried with thy dust:  
Shelter, blessed Love, this Verse within thy shroud,  
For none but Heaven dares takes thy part aloud.  
The Author begs this, least if he be known,  
Whilst he bewailes thy Head, he loose his own.

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